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STUDENT'S PEN

East Bridgewater High School

VOL. XXIV

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1944

NO. 2

STUDENT'S PEN STAFF

1943 - 1944

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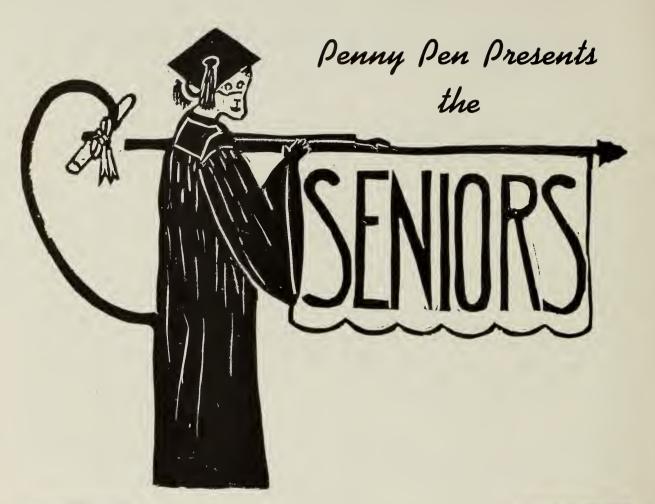
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Allan Robertson Perry
Pete

Peu Staff 2: President 4; Baseball 2.

He has Henry Aldrich's voice. And Frank Sinatra's hair, For subjects like meteorology, Our Pete has quite a flair. MARY JEANNE MEDWID

Minchie

Pen Staff 3, 4; Vice-President 4; Scholastic Honors; Band 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 2.

Mery is full of vitality and pep, Always willing and always hep, As a secretary she'd be a find, But has she other things on her mind.





Frank Emerson Woodward Frankie

Pen Staff 4: Treasurer 4 (last semester).

semester).
As treasurer of our class,
We think that Frank is grand,
And for the job that he has done.
He surely deserves a hand.

SHIRLEY CAROLYN COBBS

Peu Staff 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3, 4; Scholastic Honors; Band 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 2.

Shirley is our secretary
Always smiling, always merry.
She's loads of fun at proms and
hops,
At Bryant-Stratton she'll be tops.



Robert Bradford Alexander Alec

Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Band 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4.

Alec was treasurer of our class, But now he's gone to college. When from there he has gone, He'll have a lot of knowledge.

Roger David Anderson

Andy

Roger's always full of pep, Ready to join the fun. And if it is a friend you need. He'll always come on the run.

MARY ELLEN AROUGA
Mamie

The songbird of the class is she, Always busy as a bee. Ever smiling, ever gay, Mary goes her happy way. ELIZABETH WILLIAMS ALGER Betty

Pen Staff 3, 4; Scholastic Honors; Choral Club 2.

Her long sweaters are quite a prize, You'll wish you had them to feast your eyes.

Ever ready to take things in hand, As a friend Betty is just grand.

Virginia Louise Anderson Ginnie

Pen Staff 3, 4.

Ginnie is our dimpled doll,
And Bridgewater's sweetheart too;
This wavy-haired lassie charms them
all,
We think she's cute, don't you?

Albert John Arruda Rudy

Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2.
Some of us call him "Alby,"
To some the name is "Rudy,"
But whichever you call him "Rudy"
or "Alby,"
For you there's a smile always ready.





















VIRGINIA BOLLES BAILEY
Ginny

Pen Staff 3, Co-Editor 4; Scholastic Honors; Legion Essay 4.
Coquettish, attractive, and very nice,
We like her smile, her hair, her eyes.
We hold her high in our esteem.
We think our Ginny is a dream.

John Patrick Burke Jackie

If you need a job well done.
Here's a boy who'll come on the run,
Always willing to pitch in and work,
That's a picture of our Johnny
Burke.

Phyllis Natalie Boyden Phid

Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Choral Cluh 2.

Hair so curly and eyes so blue,
Phid never stops the whole day
through,
As a leader she will excel,
And as a girl she is a belle.

MARY ELIZABETH BURRELL Pen Staff 2, 3, Co-Editor 4; Vice-

Pen Staff 2, 3, Co-Editor 4; Vice-President 2, Executive Committee 4; Scholastic Honors; Legion Essay 2, 4.

She's intelligent, attractive, and nice to know,

All her friends will tell you so.
We envy her ability to do a job well,
Everyone who knows her thinks
Mary is swell.









John Lawrence Carney Johnny

We think Jack's a regular guy, A fellow that makes a hit. And whatever he chooses his job to be, We're sure he'll go through with it.

DOROTHY MINER CHANDLER Dottie

Drum Majorette 2, 3, 4.

Giggling Dottie is our brunette of the band;

When there is fun, she's always right on hand.

Many V-mail letters she seems to catch,

And as a cook she's hard to match.

Priscilla Marion Chandler Cilla

Cilla is our domestic queen,
And at making goodies she's supreme.

An excellent wife she will make

An excellent wife she will make, For she can cook and sew and bake.

THOMAS CHURCHILL

With Tommy in the Marines, The situation'll be in hand, He's gone to meet the enemy On the sea and on the land.

Margaret Ethel Cochrane Mag

Margaret's winning smile makes a sunshiny day, For she is always happy and gay, Especially gay, when she receives letters galore From a certain boy who's in the Tank Corps. George Francis Farrell Band 3.

George dresses in magnificent tweeds, In sport clothes fashions he surely leads. He is a quiet, hardworking lad,

But you will never see him sad.

MICHAEL FRANCIS FEENEY Mike

Baseball 2, 4; Basketball 2, 3, Co-Captain 4.

Mike was the star of our basketball team,

In the middle of everything, it would seem.

Soon a navy man Mike will be, Hitting the enemy on every sea.

JOHN RICHARD FOLEY Richie

Pen Staff 2; President 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4.

Never a dull moment with Rich in the crowd,

For he always finds some cause for fun,
Yes, Richie is the one of whom the

class is proud.

For now he's in the Navy to make

Tojo run.

Daniel Albert Frumerin Danny

Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; President 3; Scholastic Honors.

Dan is the boy with the ringing laugh,

Who never did anything just by half,

And when he has taken a job to do, Make no mistake, he'll see it through.



RITA MARIA FRABETTI

Pen Staff 3, 4; Scholastic Honors; Choral Club 2.

Typing and shorthand are Rita's dish,

To teach these is her constant wish. A great success we're sure she'll be, Just wait and watch and you will see.

Jacqueline Marie Gregoire Jackie

Pen Staff 2: Executive Board Member 3: Choral Club 2. She's tall and slender and pretty. She's peppy and smiling and neat, Her glamour, her charm, and her beauty

Will sweep you all right off your feet.

Beatrice Hasesian Bea

Pen Staff 2, 4; Choral Club 2. Bea Hasesian is loads of fun, Takes frequent trips to Arlington, Popular Bea as friends galore, And on a date she is no bore.

BARBARA ELLEN HILL Barb

Drum Majorette 2, 4; Choral Club 2.
She's graceful and tall and nice to know,
All her friends will tell you so,
If you feel sad and blue some day.
She'll help you chase your cares away.

RUTH MAY HACKER Ruthy

Scholastic Honors.
We envy Ruthy's fashionable styles,
Also her very fascinating smiles,
Her sweaters and skirts are really
chic.

We all agree she looks just slick.

Lois Josephine Hetue

Pen Staff 2, 3, 4.
Lois is a willing worker,
Never, never is a shirker.
Lois is a true friend, too,
Always glad her share to do.

Winifred Rith Jones Jonesy

She's five feet four, with eyes of green,
Has the most charming smile you've ever seen.
That's our Ruthie, friendly to all,

We sure agree that she's on the ball.















Madelyn Kingston Maddy

Maddy is a cheerful lass, And liked by all her class. The sunny smile she always wears Will make you forget all your cares.

JOHN WILLIAM MOREY Red

Baseball 4; Basketball 2.
Red is the boy with the ready smile.
Willing to help out all the while.
His super energy makes up for his size,
And he's really swell we all realize.

GLORIA JUNE LANGDON Gogie

Secretary 2; Scholastic Honors.
If you like a little girl who's sweet,
Here's one you really ought to meet,
Things in small packages are always
the best,
We think this one is better than all
the rest.

Stewart Kendall Morton Professor

Scholastic Honors.

1 boy like Stewart is hard to find,
Studious, friendly, and ever kind,
Whatever he may decide to do,
We're sure our Stewart will see it
through.



MARGARET ORR NUTTER

Pen Staff 2, 4; Choral Club 2. Margaret is tall with dark flashing

eyes,
Which are the cause of many sighs,
As a nurse's aid she does excel,
And as a waitress she does well.

Josephine Rack Jo

Josie is a country girl at heart, But in the city she hopes to get her start.

She wants to forget her country days, So here's success, Josie, in a million ways.

ELEANOR MAY RATHBUN Razie

From the dimple in her chin, You can tell there's mischief within. How true that is we have found, For it appears when there's a gang around.

Annie Annie

Scholastic Honors; Choral Club 2.

Annie is a petite lass,
A wiz in bookkeeping class,
Shorthand and typing she takes in
her stride,
She's a true friend to have at your
side.

Marjorie Jean Snow Midge

Pen Staff 3, 4; Drum Majorette 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 2.
She's a leader of the band,
With a personality that is grand,
Always willing to lend a hand,
That's our Midge.

David Mallory Sparling

Scholastic Honors; Legion Essay 1; Baseball 2, 4; Basketball 2, 3, Co-Captain 4. In history, basketball, and math, David's sure a star. No matter what his goal in life, We know that he'll go far.

Barbara Sproul

Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Drum Majorette 2, 3, 4.

You will always see Barbara wearing a grin,

An out-of-door girl who dislikes staying in;

She is nonchalant and carefree, But you ought to see her on a spree.

GORDON LEE SPROUL Lee

Executive Board Member 2; Band 2, 3.

We surely look up to our popular Lee,

Cause he is almost six feet three, Sometimes he's bashful and a little

But we all agree he's a regular guy.



Geraldine Virginia Viola

Vice-President 3; Choral Club 2. Gerry's the gal who's loads of fun, In style we agree that she's A-1; On a dance floor she's a dream, We think Gerry's on the beam.





Jack Lester Thacher Thach

Pen Staff 2, 4: Scholastic Honors. He has a twinkle in his eye, And a smile upon his face. He really is a lot of fan, And as a student he's an ace.





JOHN HENRY WHELAN

John is a quiet and studions boy, He's really a fellow we all enjoy, And when he goes out, his fortune to make, He'll be a success, and no mistake.

Pauline Helen Wilde Polly

We have a girl with eyes of blue That twinkle and sparkle the whole day through; Carefree, happy, and very jolly, It's no one else but our Polly.

Rose Marie Yafrate Rosie

Rosie is a happy-go-lucky gal, She's always a friend and always a pal, Her sunny disposition is liked by all,

Her sunny disposition is liked by all, And down on the job she'll never fall. George Melvin Webber Zeke

Pen Staff 2, 3.

Zeke from our class has gone to be A lad in blue, sailing the sea; And when from the war he comes back,
A blaze of glory'll be in his track.

HOMELAND

Florence Cochrane, '45

There by his bombsight he sits waiting. Waiting for the miles to speed away, Until below his eager eye
He finds his target from the sky.

He has fought to breathe, to live, to fight again, To avenge his comrades

Left torn in flesh and mind,

The hills of home drenched by their blood.

The deep red blood of a tortured race — The Poles.

His fellowmen lie dying,

Grim and heaten, faced by fate

In the destructive Nazi sweep of crushing power, Courageous even in their death-doomed hour.

Starved children with bloated bellies, sunken cheeks. Were trampled by the iron heel of Nazi boot,

Children crushed, and limp, and old.

To their childish ears

Was never brought the sound

Of the merry stomp of dancing Polish boots.

Nor swish of skirts on round-faced girls

Dancing in the carefree way of eager youth

In the Poland of vesterday.

To their ears have come only the sounds of war,

The boom of guns,

The staccato beat of marching feet,

The riddle of machine gun fire, The burst of bombs,

The roar of tanks,

Screams,

Cries,

Shots,

Moans, ---

Such wearing sounds for such little ears.

But all the sounds are muffled now.

Children, returned to Polish dust from whence they came,

Hear little of the sounds of war that still remain.

His father, mother, sisters, brothers,

Have all returned to Polish dust and peace,

But he fights on

With many a fellow patriot

Who escaped to freer lands

With hatred burning in angry, leaping flames,

Ever leaping, higher and higher,

To greedily lick with burning tongue

. The breeding place of all this hurt.

The bestial Nazi minds, ignoring others' need

And leaving tortured souls to suffer, rot, and bleed.

There below

The target lav.

Now!

"Bombs away!"

Illustrated by Florence Cochrane.



HISTORY IN THE MAKING

Virginia Bailey, '44



It's odd how the two words "graduation" and "reminiscence" sort of go together — like Harry James and Ciribiribin. And as the time approaches once again to bid farewell to E. B. H. S., memories start working

overtime and minds revert to "the times that" or "remember when?"

It was November, 1941. Our class president banged on the desk, and with a typical Richie Foley grin, said rather hoarsely. "Will this meeting come to order!" His hoarseness was largely due to the fact that this was a momentous occasion, the last meeting before the Sophomore Hop, the most important event as yet in the whole of our comparatively young lives. Heretofore we had spent our sophomore year worrying about marks and report cards (goodness, that certainly was a long time ago!), the dimple in Mr. Pearson's left cheek, who broke up with whom, and which boy could have the most fun with Mr. Moorehouse. However, the Hop was one big worry to end all worries! And did we gloat when we discovered that it was the most successful in years! It must have been those cute little blue and gold stars.

It was raining when we went back to school in September. We were juniors, no longer a bit green around the edges, but very grown up, capable, and thoroughly acquainted with high school life, we thought. However, we soon found out differently.

After a brief indulgence in class politics from which Danny Frumerin emerged victorious as our class president, we spent our abundant energies on the Hobo Dance. Remember "If your clothes aren't becoming to you, come to the Hobo Dance"? Anyway it was a lot of fun, and though the seniors got most of the credit for its success, we did pat ourselves on the back quite a bit.

The months passed smoothly, on the whole. but from February on our troubles began. And I mean troubles! It was the Junior Prom.—decorations, refreshments, class battles, run-ins with Mr. Gotschall. fuss, and furor. The decorations gave us our biggest headache. The boys were definitely pro-war in their ideas; the girls wanted a nice idea such as decorations befitting a spring dance. Guess who won the argument. Yep! The girls! But by the time we got through cutting out millions of little paper flowers—I still cut them out in my sleep occasionally when I have indulged in dill pickles and milk before bedwe devoutly wished we had decided to march the United Nations or airplanes across the walls. It was all worth it, though, and we were very proud of our efforts when the hig night arrived. However, we spent the rest of the school year recuperating.

As sophisticated seniors, or should it be just "as seniors," we began a new year with new teachers, new ideas, and new fun. Our Harvest Dance was a success even after the removal of our ingenious decorations of hay. Our class election passed without even so much as a riot in Room 214. We decided to vote a class play as "out" and filled our spare time with plans for the Christmas Dance, at least our class officers did. School movies, class routine, *Pen* activities, and, of course, basketball, have taken most of our attention from January to date. Now we have graduation to look forward to and yet dread.

As a class we have not been tops, scholastically speaking. The recent alumni will even belittle our class spirit, saying it has been steadily declining. Yet those graduates didn't spend their high school years under the black shadows of war, shadows that constantly kept and are keeping us mentally and emotionally upset. They didn't bear the double load of war work and school, and they didn't face the unpleasant reality of seeing their classmates scatter to the four winds of warfare. We cannot say softly, with eyes full of happy visions. "We leave the sheltered life of school to embark upon a golden future of

opportunity," as so many classes have done before us. That can never become our theme because our school life has not been sheltered, and our future holds only sharp reality, a reality that opens gates to greater maturity, finer ideals, and a spirit far greater than mere class devotion.

As graduation approaches, we're not afraid to "face the world." Our class history is only just beginning and our future is vital and exciting. We are proud to say that we are the graduating class of '44.

The Mostest and the Bestest

Duatticat wind	India Carria
Prettiest girl	Jackie Gregoire
Handsomest boy	David Sparling
Most glamorous girl	Virginia Bailey
Most dashing boy.	Dan Frumerin
Personality plus	Gerry Viola
36	Dan Frumerin
Most stylish	Gerry Viola
Best groomed	Bob Alexander
Most likely to succeed	Mary. Burrell
	David Sparling
Most studious	Mary Burrell
	Stewart Morton
Most ambitious	Mary Burrell
	Stewart Morton
Class orators	Mary Burrell
	David Sparling
Best penman	Mary Medwid
	Lee Sproul
Best business woman	Shirley Cobbs
Best business man	Bob Alexander
Quietest	Pauline Wilde
	John Whelan
Most loquacious	Mary Arouea
	Allan Perry
Shyest girl	Pauline Wilde
Most reserved boy	
•	Mary Medwid
Most imsellevous	Allan Perry
M . Charle	•
Most flirtatious	Jackie Gregoire
	David Sparling
Best date	Jaekie Gregoire
	Dan Frumerin
Best daneers	Mary Arouca
	Dan Frumerin
Most musical	.Mary Medwid
	Dan Frumerin

Class gigglers	Mary Medwid
	Jaek Thacher
Wittiest	Mary Medwid
	Allan Perry
Most athletic	Barbara Sproul
	Mike Feeney
Most versatile	Virginia Bailey
	Allan Perry
Most energetic	Mary Arouca
	Dan Frumerin
Heartiest appetite	Mary Arouca
	Lee Sproul
Oldest	Priscilla Chandler
	George Webber
Youngest	Margaret Nutter
	Lee Sproul
Tallest	Madelyn Kingston
	Lee Sproul
Shortest	Gloria Langdon
	Riehie Foley

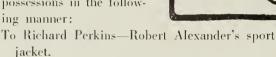
Senior Favorites

Movie actor—Spencer Tracy Movie aetress—Greer Garson Comedian—Bob Hope Comedienne—Joan Davis Radio orehestra leader—Harry James Radio singer—Bing Crosby Radio songstress—Dinah Shore Radio news commentator—Lowell Thomas Radio announcer—Harry Vonzell Radio musical program—Hit Parade Radio variety program—Bob Hope Radio dramatie program-Lux Radio Theater Magazine—Life Recent book of fiction-See Here. Private Har-Recent book of non-fiction—Guadalcanal Diary Sandwieh—Hamburger Restaurant—Greasy Spoon Soda fountain special—Hot fudge sundae Athlete—Ted Williams Sport—Basketball Toilet soap—Lux Dentifrice—Colgate's Brand of lipstick—Tangee Flower-Rose

Color-Blue

WE HEREBY BEQUEATH

WE, the members of the Class of '44 of the East Bridgewater Senior-Junior High School. East Bridgewater. County of Plymouth in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, having been declared to be of sane and sound mind, do hereby bequeath all our worldly goods and possessions in the following manner:



To Dickie Oakley—Albert Arruda's friendship with Katie Gibbs girls,

To Fred Zilinski—Roger Anderson's driving ability.

To Melva Cole—Virginia Anderson's popularity with the opposite sex.

To Bobbie McCarthy—Mary Burrell's frequent blushes.

To Sally Chandler — Virginia Bailey's smooth ways.

To Florence Cochrane—Mary Arouca's "polka"-ing.

To Roger Churbuck — Richie Foley's bright quips.

To Donnie MacLeod—Phyllis Boyden's ability to say the wrong thing at the wrong time.

To Grace Clapp—Jackie Gregoire's postage bill.

To Betty Cookson — Beatrice Hasesian's cute blouses.

To Alice Mondcau—Barbara Hill's skates.

To Bob Leonard—John Burke's management of the basketball team.

To Howard Perkins—George Webber's trips to Whitman.

To Eddie Whalen—George Farrell's position at the shank shop.

To Melbye Norvalls—Dorothy Chandler's and Lois Hetue's bowling scores.

To Alice Bouldry—Priscilla Chandler's lunch room duties.

To Ruth Bouldry—Margaret Cochrane's connec-

tions with Bridgewater.

To Eddie Drew — Dan Frumerin's subtle remarks.

To Dorothy Brown—Rita Frabetti's secretarial work for Mr. Center.

To Shirley Jahn—Madelyn Kingston's friendship with Miss Stone.

To Jean Nute—Betty Alger's associations with West Bridgewater.

To Louis Forcier—Shirley Cobbs' ability to beat the drum.

To Connie Craig—Gloria Langdon's swect petiteness.

To David Mason—Stewart Morton's "professorship."

To Muriel Pratt—Ruth Jones' cheery smile.

To Chet Baker-John Morey's red hair.

To Norman Ritchie—Allan Perry's "Henry Aldrichness."

To Maynard Stetson—David Sparling's basketball scores.

To Donnie Snow-Lee Sproul's height.

To May Cochrane—Jack Thacher's guinea pigs.

To Robert Cloudman—John Whelan's collecting of attendance slips.

To Dottie Cobbs—Gerry Viola's ability to wear clothes.

To Donnie Burrell—Mike Feeney's G. I. haircut.

To Bobby Bartlett—John Carney's ability to burn up gas.

To Judy Hunt—Margaret Nutter's tables at the Toll House.

To Chet Luther — Frank Woodward's chee ful disposition.

To Carolyn Burbank—Marjorie Snow's twirling baton.

To Rusty Freeman-Eleanor Rathbun's neckties.

To Myrtle Recd—Mary Medwid's giggles and jovial manner.

To Ruth Clogston-Pauline Wilde's quiet ways.

To Leona Copeland — Barbara Sproul's bike rides.

To Luke DeChambeau — Josic Rack's love for shorthand.

To Mary Perkins—Anna Smith's collection of skirts and sweaters.

To Bob Thomas—Tommie Churchill's car. (To be named Matilda.)

To Alice Balian—Rose Yafrate's black hair.

To Miss Morehardt—Ruth Hacker's cocker spaniels.

To Mr. Center—another group of artistic girls to make serapbooks.

To Miss Shea—a few more argumentative seniors.
To Miss Andrews—a eo-operative home room.

To Miss Brown—another group of seniors to teach.

To Mr. Lays—a larger math class who won't eat so many life savers.

To Miss Sullivan—a more inspired senior group to advise.

To the Juniors—the senior privileges.

To the Sophomores—our class spirit and ambition.

To Fran—another group of seniors to use the telephone.

We hereto set our hands in testimony that this is our last will and testament, on this fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and forty-four.

Signed: THE CLASS OF '41

Witnesses:

Teragram Rettun Sillyhp Nedyob Ecirtaeb Naisesah Yram Llerrub Leinad Niremurf

OUR GOAL

We the graduates of E. B. High, Climbing ahead, must never stop. We'll carry our memories as a jewel, Until we've reached the top.

Our day of days has come: We have traveled our careful way, Side by side since school began, Doing our work day by day.

Ever onward, always upward. Until we see our star in sight; Ever onward, always striving,

Until we've reached the cternal light.

MARY MEDWID, '44

OCEAN LURE

I hear the booming of the waves Calling me,

I hear the wail of the lonely gull Calling me,

Down to the shore.

I smell the salty, ocean air Urging me,

I feel the touch of the dancing spray Urging me

Down to the shore.

I see the shining crystal sand Bookoning me,

I see the ships in the distant cove Beckoning me

Down to the shore.

And I sense the greatness that is there Luring me,

An ancient power is the sea Luring me

Down to the shore.

CAROL MASON, '46

IMAGES

Roses

Red roses

With a fragrance all their own,

In a tall china vase on a white marble table,

Their petals shaped into a cup and as red as the cheeks of a fair boy

On a windy day.

Elms

Stately elms

Line a curving country road. Their trunks are straight. Their limbs arch gracefully to form a tunnel cool. Their leaves of darkest green
Shut away the noonday sun.

Moonlight

The moon begins
To rise above the darkened earth.
Its rays sparkle upon the frozen ground and lake.
Frost-covered trees and a fence show their images
In this silvery light, mysteriously transfigured
By a passing cloud.

LESTER DABCHE, '45

1944 EDITION

The king was in his counting-house, Counting out his gold — And I thought we were off the gold standard!

Four and twenty blackbirds Baked in a pie —

I know meat is scarce, but is it as bad as all that?

Simple Simon met a pieman

Going to the fair;

Said Simple Simon to the pieman,

"Where did you get all the sugar and lard for those pies?"

MARY PERKINS, '45



Commencement Week Committee

Senior-Junior High School Faculty

Senior Class Officers

Ye Shall Know Them By Their Actions

Someone has said that you can tell a freshman girl because she always has bright red lips even though she usually looks too young to wear that unheard-of-until-the-age-of-sixteen lipstick. Just as freshman girls are known by the color of their lipstick, so the members of the Commencement Week Committee are known by their activities. For weeks preceding graduation our Commencement Week Committee has been dashing through the corridors of the high school in a mad dither, calling orchestras, ordering ice cream, and decorating for their last, but certainly not least, formal dance. We give our hearty support to the Commencement Committee, for theirs is not only a long, but a difficult, job. Yet we envy them, too, because of the fun and interesting work their activities involve.

Seated, left to right: Marjorie Snow, Shirley Cobbs, Mary Medwid. Beatrice Hasesian, Phyllis Boyden, Mary Burrell, Virginia Bailey. Standing: Michael Feeney, David Sparling, Robert Alexander, Frank Woodward, Daniel Frumerin, Allan Perry.

To Our Faculty

Or all the professions that are found throughout America, that of a teacher is one of the most important and the most difficult to master. For teachers build for the future, molding young lives and shaping destinies. Whether that fact is realized or not, their influence is a paramount yet intangible factor in the building of the character of American youth. We are proud of our faculty here at E. B. High, for they are worthy of the trust so many mothers and fathers place in them. Their dignity and refinement merit respect from every pupil, and their quiet unassuming manner evokes a staunch loyalty. A sense of honor, and a lively appreciation of fun

and humor make them not only teachers but also friends. If our successors coming up through the grades have as pleasant a choice of faculty, we know that they and their parents will be most fortunate. We want our teachers to know that we shall carry throughout our lives the influence of their efforts and happy memories of our associations with them.

Seated, left to right: Mrs. Virginia S. Lays, Miss Kathryn M. Stone, Miss Helen E. Kelley, Miss Katharine L. Morehardt, Miss Mary F. Brown. Miss Ellen M. Shea, Miss Edna L. Dolber. Standing, center row: Miss Mary Sullivan, Mr. Joseph F. Morey. Mr. Herbert Coar, Mr. Everett R. Lays, Mr. John H. Gotschall, Miss Muriel Middleton. Back row: Mr. Philip N. Center, Mr. Sarkis Kurkjian.

Through Thick and Thin

WE shall always remember the senior class officers of 1943-1944. They led us through the "Times that try men's souls." and we were glad to follow. A great many problems confronted us this past year. Could we have a class play? No, there were no boys available. How could we finance commencement week? The Harvest Dance was the answer. How would we plan our commencement week activities? An effective committee solved that problem. What should we leave for a class gift? A service plaque was decided upon. All these problems and numerous others were unraveled with the undaunted assistance of our able leaders. Through thick and thin, we have been safely guided by our competent officers. Seated, left to right: Shirley Cobbs, secretary; Allan Perry, president; Mary Medwid, vice-president. Standing: Robert Alexander, treasurer; Mary Burrell, executive board; Frank Woodward, treasurer.



Scholastic Honor Students

Musicians and Drum Majorettes

Basketball Team

Cum Laude

Introducing the class geniuses of E. B. High, the Joes and Jills who have been really on the beam for their four years of high school life, maintaining an average of B or better. Through the turmoil and struggles of war, and the extra activities it brings, they have managed to find time to carry on their studies, justifying the faith of teachers and parents in their achievements. Theirs has been an unusually difficult job, difficult because of these restless times, difficult because of the countless opportunities in war work which have urged them away from school. However, diligently and steadily these students have plodded on. Results—a rather proud group of honor students.

Seated, left to right: Mary Medwid. Rita Frabetti, Anna Smith, Shirley Cobbs, Mary Burrell, Virginia Bailey. Standing: Stewart Morton. David Sparling, Ruth Hacker. Gloria Langdon, Elizabeth Alger, Jack Thacher, Daniel Frumerin.

The Band Plays On

MR. KURKJIAN raises his stick for attention, and everything is silent: then the downbeat is given, and in perfect harmony the band begins its selection. Whether it is a march, waltz, or polka, the audience is held tense by the fascinating strains of music. The flutes, clarinets, trumpets, trombones, drums, cymbals, and oboes all work together in complete coordination. As the music stops, there comes a burst of applause from the captivated audience. Thus ends another excellent concert given by the East Bridgewater High School Band.

While parading, the band is always welcomed by the many watchers. First the snappy drum majorettes may be seen twirling and strutting in glory. Then the band follows playing magnificently the marches they have practiced at many rehearsals under Mr. Kurkjian's direction. As the band passes, people turn to walk with it, caught in the spirit of the exciting marches.

In June there will be two vacancies in the band, the places of one of the clarinet players and one of the drummers. Four drum majorettes, including the leader, are graduating and will be missing in the future parades.

Left to right: Barbara Hill, Dorothy Chandler. Mary Mcdwid, Shirley Cobbs, Marjorie Snow. Barbara Sproul.

Fighting Quintet

THE Blue and Gold of East Bridgewater High School has once again successfully completed its basketball season, overcoming many difficulties. The school owes the team a vote of thanks for the many fine games played this Especially to the seniors — Mike Feeseason. ney, Bob Alexander, and Dave Sparling — we give our best wishes as they go out into a world where a much bigger and harder fight is being waged. We know that these seniors will play this more serious game as wholeheartedly as they played on the basketball floor. We hope that the returning players next year will keep up the good work and continue to represent East Bridgewater in such a way that our town and our school may be proud of the team.

Seated, left to right: Raymond Yafrate, John May, Richard Stetson. Co-captains David Sparling and Michael Feeney. Maynard Stetson. Coach Joseph F. Morey. Standing: Co-manager John Burke, Bedford Wheaton. Richard Oakley. Robert Alexander, John Brady. Edward May. Chester Baker, Richard Ortenzi. Co-manager Robert Leonard.



The class of '44 has reached its last year of high school with seven boys already in the service. You can see those seven "illustrious" members of our service roll pictured on the opposite page, their grins wide with self-satisfaction. At first glance they look strange, different; and yet they'll always be the same swell friends, the same good-humored classmates we have known all through high school. We've seen them in school, concentrating on a problem in aviation science or conjugating verbs in English, brows furrowed, heads bent; we've seen them at play, laughing over a coke or dancing with their best girls to the latest Dorsey or James swing; we've seen them at work, behind a meat counter or at a filling station. Now we see them cocksure, happy, bursting with pride, in their brand-new uniforms, ready to tell you the latest in army, navy, or marine gossip. They're older in thoughts and ideas, and just a little more serious; for they're tackling the biggest job of all.

We hated to lose those boys, but we are proud to see them go. However, they left a sort of emptiness behind them, an emptiness that shows that we miss them. One day they'll be back, but until that day, they have all the sincere support, backing, and heartfelt thanks for the job they're doing, from each member of the senior class.

- (1) Robert Holman, S 1/c
- (2) Pvt. Charles Hopkins
- (3) George Webber, S 2 c
- (4) Pvt. Thomas Churchill
- (5) Joseph Dalton. EM 1 c
- (6) Wilverton Lewis, Radarman, 3/c Petty Officer
- (7) Richard Foley, S 2/c









PRESENTING THE JUNIOR CLASS

ABOVE, you see the Junior Class of E. B. High, who faced the camera for you on April fifth. As can be seen by the class calendar on this page, we have been busy this year with our many school events, including the all-important Junior Prom. However, next year there will be even more activity; for then we will, at last and unbelievably, be seniors; and we're hoping, perhaps in vain, that this will lend a wee bit of sophistication and dignity to us.

SALLY CHANDLER

Happy Days

GREETINGS, Mr. and Miss E. B. H. S. and all others who are interested. Here is a brief resumé of the highlights of the class of '45 for the school year 1943 and '44.

Sept. 8—Our lives seemed at an end—school had begun.

Oct. 15—We had our first class meeting. We chose a nominating committee consisting of Lester Darche, May Cochrane. Sally Chandler, Robert Bartlett, and Eletha Fuller.

Oct. 21—We elected our officers for the year: president, Chester Luther; vice-president, Jean Nute; treasurer, May Cochrane: secretary, Eletha Fuller; and executive member, Robert Thomas.

Nov. 29—We were thinking about the Prom. Things seemed indeed dark and dreary.

Dec. 17—To celebrate St. Nicholas Day (also our coming vacation) the senior high classes held a Christmas dance. Our class officers served on the committee.

Dec. 24-Jan. 3—Christmas holidays and New Year's!

Jan. 25—We finally decided on Bob Shaw's orchestra for our Prom.

Feb. 19-28—Nine days of fun—February vacation!

Mar. 7—We elected Florence Cochrane as the general chairman for our Prom Committee. We needed \$75.00 in our treasury. And did we dig in!

April 5—Everyone smiled and watched the birdie — class picture for the *Pen*.

April 6—Decorations for the Prom were well under way. An underwater atmosphere had been created.

April 15-24—Everyone was happy—Spring vacation!

April 28—At last the Prom—the biggest event of the year for us juniors! A big success!

June 16—Oh rapture! Oh joy! School is out for the year.

Mary Perkins, '45





WE PROUDLY PRESENT

ONCE again we proudly present another sophomore class. We have been called "wise fools," but soon we shall discard this title and take our place as juniors. We are fifty-five strong and are undaunted by anything set before us. The letters in our name stand for our many qualities: S-sociable; O-obliging; P-persevering; H-happy; O-observing; M-musical; O-openhanded; R-reasonable; E-energetic; S-studious. We have struggled through Caesar, copulative verbs, and the Pythagorean theorem. Some have learned French idioms, the process of osmosis, and the definition of cold domes and warm fronts in meteorology. Others have waded through the sixty day method of computing interest. The home economics girls have contended with dishpan hands. Probably the teachers have been run ragged at times trying to help us. and we have often found our work difficult. But ten years from now we shall look back to our high school days with a reminiscent sigh, recalling the fun we had taking part in all the various class and social activities of our tenth year. We feel that we are ready to fill, at least partially, the shoes of the present juniors. And now, that you may know us better. we proudly present the class of 1946 in the picture above.

SOPHOMORE LITERARY STAFF

Reminiscence of Our Sophomore Year

WE. the Sophomore Class, have helped much in the activities of this school year. The following is a bird's-eye view of our "dates."

September 9—Hurrah! We've made it! Senior High!

September 30—End of Bond Drive. We won with a victory of \$725.30!!!

October 1—Officers were elected. Our loyal politicians are:

President—Richard Oakley

Vice-President—Betty Cookson

Secretary—Barbara Lightfoot

Treasurer—Maynard Stetson

Executive Member—Shirley Jahn

December 19—Christmas Dance sponsored by officers of grades 9-12. We did our part! Where do you think Santa came from?

January 24—Needles brought out for T. B. skin test. Sleeves rolled up, then "Ouch!"

February 9—What a relief! No X-ray!

March 24—Re-establishment of Sophomore Hop traditions. Spring decorations with Bambi, bunnies, and lambs.

Junc—At last it's ended! We go forth for a much needed rest.

This completes the '43-'44 calendar for out class. We sincerely hope that the "wise fools" of the future will have as happy and eventful a year as we have enjoyed.

SHIRLEY JAHN, '46 BETTY COOKSON, '46

GOOD-BYE FOR NOW

Mary Perkins, '45

ALL was quiet in the jungle at midafternoon. The air was heavy and oppressive with the very stillness. Nothing moved except the figures of Mike Flannigan and Tad Lucas, and, in their camouflaged uniforms, they could hardly be distinguished from the background of the jungle foliage. The two men had been on scont duty a little ahead of the others. They moved with the utmost caution, speaking only in whispers, for this was risky business. Even though the island had been captured by United States troops, there still remained a great many hidden Japs.

"Sure is hot," whispered Mike.

"Yeh," agreed Tad, and they again continued to thread their way forward. Suddenly the afternoon quiet was shattered as two shots rang out almost simultaneously, and two bodies fell to the ground.

* * *

It was dusk when Tad began to stir restlessly and became conscious of a dull throbbing pain in his chest. His groping hand came in contact with something warm and moist, causing a stabbing pain to knife through his whole body. Tad tried to move, but immediately knew it would be impossible. His head was reeling, and the feeling of weakness was almost overpowering.

"I've got to stay conscious and try to get out of here." Tad muttered through clenched teeth, but even as he did so, he slipped back into oblivion.

When next he awoke, he was able to stay conscious long enough to look about and see Mike slumped against a tree trunk in such a position that he knew his buddy would never move again. Another wave of dizziness swept over Tad, engulfing him like a flood, but he managed to keep his senses about him this time.

"Wh-where am I?" he wondered, as he tried to adjust himself to his strange surrounding. "How did I get here?" he muttered with a groan. He tried tentatively to lift himself on one shoulder, but the effort was too much. He fell back, exhausted. He managed to reach his canteen and slowly sipped the water, hoping to ease the throbbing pain and take away a little of the dizziness.

Suddenly there was a sound, and Tad could perceive a shadowy movement in the jungle. He reached for his service automatic and with much effort raised it to aim at the moving foliage. The undergrowth parted and out stepped—of all things—a girl in the starched uniform of an American Army nurse. She seemed to be wandering about, searching for something and was drifting nearer to Tad. Suddenly he recognized her as Nancy Dunn, his fiancée. Tad thought he was dreaming, but nevertheless he spoke, "Nancy, dear!" he cried, "Nancy! Don't you see me? Nancy, I'm over here." The nurse turned, and seeing Tad, moved quickly over to where he lay.

"Tad, darling," she said. "I knew you were hurt and came out looking for you."

"Nancy! How did you get way out here?"

"Never mind. I'm just here to help. Come with me." And she held out her hand to him.

Tad tried vainly to raise himself and take her extended hand. "Naney, I can't quite reach you. I want to go with you. Please help me."

"I can't come any closer to you, Tad. I want you to come with me. but you'll have to come by yourself." And she began to move away.

"Wait. Nancy. I'm coming. I'm coming. If only I could move more quickly." Tad tried to drag himself across the intervening space between them.

"I haven't much time." said Nancy, and there were tears in her eyes. "I want to be with you as long as possible, Tad."

"Just a minute. Nancy. and I'll reach you."

"I can't wait much longer, Tad." Nancy said. Her voice sounded very distant, and she looked blurred to Tad.

Her voice died almost to a whisper, and a wistful smile played at the corners of her mouth as she said, "Good-bye, Tad. I have to go. I

love you, and I'll be waiting for you ahead. Good-bye for now."

"Nancy! Nancy!" cried Tad. "Wait!" But she had vanished into the steaming jungle.

The next day a scout patrol discovered Tad. He lay in a highly feverish state. Upon seeing the men, Tad cried, "Here you are, Nancy. Don't go. I knew you wouldn't leave me. I'm coming with you. Help me, Nancy." Tad raised his hand in a futile gesture to the men. He lost consciousness again, and the soldiers made a temporary stretcher and bore him back to camp.

For many days Tad tossed about on his hospital bed. He repeatedly called for Nancy and seemed to hold long conversations with her, always begging her to wait. Each day he became worse, and Death seemed to be sitting by his bedside silently waiting.

After the crisis had been passed. Tad's fever subsided, his temperature went down, and he became more rational. The first morning that he became fully conscious, his thoughts immediately centered about Nancy. He stopped one of the passing nurses and asked, "Where's Nancy? Nancy Dunn?"

The nurse turned away with a puzzled look on her face, "Don't you know . . ?"

"She was out in the jungle alone, and I was talking to her before they brought me to the hospital. Will you please send her here? You know her, don't you? The girl I'm going to marry?"

The nurse exchanged glances with the man in the next bed to Tad. In the ensuing silence the deep and steady breathing of the sleeping men at the other end of the ward could be heard.

"Well, what's the matter with everyone?" Tad cried, staring wildly about him. "Why doesn't someone tell me? Where's Nancy? Why are you all looking at me that way? Has anything happened to Nancy?" Tad looked from one to the other, not quite comprehending the situation.

"Who did you ask for?" inquired the man in the next bed.

"Lieutenant Dunn," said Tad, and once more he looked from face to face, pleading for an answer. "She came to me in the jungle. I talked with her. She asked me to go with her, but I couldn't, and she said she couldn't touch mc. She acted very queer and in a terrible hurry. She finally went away by herself."

"You must be mistaken, Pal," said the man. "Lieutenant Dunn has been dead quite a few days now. She was killed in a raid on the base hospital fifty miles from here. And that's odd; it must have been just about the time you were wounded."

A PRAYER TO HUMANITY

O Man, You who ruthlessly Destroy God's workmanship, Hear our prayer, And check your stupid greed.

Do you think it brave To pillage little helpless things That run to hide From your destructive path?

Do you think it just In your thoughtless greed, to trap The little quail And unoffending fox?

O Man,
Most cruel of the beasts,
Placed in scornful pride above them all,
The little duck
And the graceful doe
Do you dare forget?
Do you dare to crush, so stupidly,
The little creatures
That are in your care?

CAROL MASON, '46

A Photo Finish

Grandfather pulled his chair closer to the fire, lit his pipe, and settled himself comfortably. He was in a narrative mood, but even when grandfather tells a story, there is no rushing him. We waited patiently, and finally he began.

"It was about twenty-five years ago up in Maine," he said. "that I first met a real sportsman, Paul Saunders."

"It was a cool, crisp, winter day, and a light snow had fallen the night before. The forest was spread out before us, a great green giant with a cloak of white. It was then late afternoon, and we had trudged along without seeing a sign of any animals all day. We forged on down the path, hoping against hope that we would find game at the river's edge. All of a sudden a magnificent deer bounded out of the forest on our left. Quickly Paul brought his sights to bear on her. He squeezed the trigger just in time to catch her leaping majestically over a fallen log."

Being more or less of an inquisitive nature. I asked, "Did he kill her?"

"No." says grandfather. "He didn't kill her. He took her picture. You see, Paul was a *real* sportsman."

MAYNARD STETSON, '46

Come Back! Your Hat!

Holding my breath, I tiptoed cautiously past the kitchen where Mom was working; then, coat in hand, I sped lightly down the hall. Oh, so quietly, trying to avoid the usual squeak, I opened the door and called sweetly. "Bye, Mom. I'll be home early."

"Whew," I sighed to myself, "I didn't think I'd make it! I'm getting better and better all the time. Pretty soon I'll be a regular professional 'sneaker outer.'"

Well, off I started!

"Yo-o-o who-o-o!" I heard a familiar voice ring out. "Come back here and put your hat on."

"Oh, brother!" I moaned. "I'm sunk!"

I turned slowly, and there was Mom standing in the doorway with that miserable looking object—MY HAT!

My heart sank. "Jeepers, Mom, do I have to?" I argued. "It really isn't cold out at all, and I'll bet none of the other kids will wear theirs."

"I don't care if they don't. If they want to eatch pneumonia, let them. but you're either going to wear this hat or stay in."

So. disgustedly, I took my despised enemy, set it on the top of my head, and once again started out, only this time not in such high spirits.

It really wasn't the hat I minded so much, but rather the idea of Mom spoiling a perfectly planned escape! Well, it was a good try, anyway. Maybe some day, after a little improvement and more practice, it will work. Who knows!

Marjorie Wilson, '45

Nostalgia

FRESHMAN days! That was when we used to look forward to graduation as that wonderful day when at last we would be through with the dullness of high school. Dullness? Yes. I'm sure that's what we called it. But that must have been before we had really become a part of the high school.

As I look back to my freshman year, I can recall the mad rush every morning before school to compare Latin and algebra papers. And how could anyone forget those enlightening, or at least diverting, arguments in civics class? It was also as a freshman that I got my first taste of Shakespeare. Then, as the crowning event of the year came the minstrel show. Oh, the mere thought of those long rehearsals in which we tried in vain to put the proper "hep" and "jive" into "Boogily Woogily Piggy" and "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"! We were liberally rewarded by two very successful performances in which we girls all wore evening dresses, in many cases our first.

As a sophomore I had my first struggle with Legion essays. It was also that year when I became acquainted with Penny Pen. I can still recall the thrill of seeing for the first time one of my own articles in print. In '42 our class made its social debut at the Sophomore Hop, midst gay patriotic decorations of red. white, and blue.

Then the junior year! I can remember chemistry and our odorous attempts at being second Madame Curies, our gala Christmas party in Miss Jacobs' home room with Mrs. (Allan Perry) Santa Claus, and of course the prom. the special occasion in every hi-schooler's life. My hands still feel stiff at the thought of cutting simply millions of little paper flowers for our decorations. But after these days of drudgery came many pleasant hours: the gay song sessions in the lab where we were working, the races through the empty corridors and stairways in search of materials, the dizzy moments atop ladders trying to make scotch tape stick, and finally the big night itself.

Besides these outstanding events of my high school life, there are simply dozens of seemingly insignif cant happenings which have made these last four years something never to be forgotten. For instance, those quick dashes downtown between school and freehand drawing class to get a vanilla fudge ice cream cone, long afternoons in the report center with a group of friends and some hot butterscotch sundaes, the afternoons of rationing when we devoured quantities of dill pickles and Miss Stone's luscious fried doughnuts, that sunny day when we ate sandwiches over on the library steps, and of course our lunchroom discussions over potato chips and cheese crackers.

But don't be mistaken! Not all our fun was connected with "indigestibles." There were those knee-knocking walks to the office, wondering "What have I done now?" to discover it was only a telephone call. And there were all those scemingly harmless pranks which turned out to be not quite so harmless. How can I ever forget the day we dared one of the girls to slide down the banister? She did it, too, midst all our stifled giggles and squeals.

Even my periods as assistant in the clinic leave memories. After all, what could have been more luxurious than one full period a day in a quiet, comfortable room where I could study diligently or just relax and day dream to my heart's content! Besides the occasional patients who came to the clinic with a headache, toothache or cut finger, students and teachers passing in the corridor would frequently drop in to say hello.

Pen meetings, class meetings, guidance conferences, and even the hours spent doing research work in the library hold special memories.

How can any of us ever forget our three period movies? Or the basketball games? We often went to Sullivan's afterwards to celebrate our victories (or our losses!) with hamburgers, French fries, and cokes. Um-u-u-m! They were luscious. Yes, we certainly had some wonderful times in high school.

Four years have elapsed since we entered these halls, four long years of learning, of having fun, and of gaining valuable experience. My memories of these years aren't the same as those of all my classmates; they are perhaps not even typical. But they are the memories of my high

school days, precious memories which I shall keep with me during my college years and on through life.

MARY BURRELL, '44

Easter Duty

SINCE our country has become involved in the present world conflict, there is a necessity for rationing such articles as meats, canned foods, shoes, and fuel.

Besides these items being on our ration list, many people find that their spare time is limited. This is because there are so many useful jobs to be done in our spare time. Among these are rolling bandages, serving as a nurse's aid, making children's clothing, or giving blood to the Red Cross for wounded soldiers.

But although our goods are rationed and we have fewer spare moments for outside activities during these war times, there are many commodities that do not require ration coupons or much time. One of the most important is prayer. Many have learned how to pray within the last few years. During the Lenten and Easter season it is always customary to devote more time to prayer. We pray for a better world, a safer, more peaceful and democratic world. We pray that, in the future, the lives of our loved ones may never be destroyed or upset by war. We know that the years of our lives are limited. We realize that when our grocery coupons are used, we must wait until others are valid; but when the years of our lives are spent, they cannot be replaced. For this reason we should make every day and year count, and we should pray that we shall be able to lead a worthy and peaceful life.

During the Easter season it is also fitting to make some sacrifice. Our servicemen and women have already made many sacrifices and are continuing to do so. Therefore it is the duty of the people here on the home front to use their spare time helping the Red Cross and other organizations, and to give as much money as possible for supporting these organizations and for bnying war bonds. By making sacrifices we help to bring our loved ones home and the day of victory nearer.

Barbara Lightfoot, '46

AN ORCHID FOR REMEMBRANCE

Alice Mondeau, '45

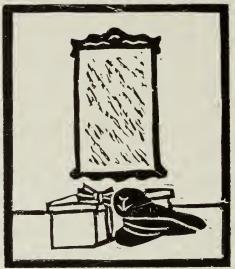
IT was the sixth of June. the night of the Senior Reception at Middletown High. Ann looked charming in her gown of black velvet and baby pink net, her golden blond hair falling on her shoulders. As the last touch she added a few drops of perfume, and the dainty necklace and bracelet which George had given her for her birthday. She was ready carly so she started to write a letter to her older sister. "Dear Sis.

"I have just finished dressing for the Reception and

have a few minutes to spare before my date arrives, so I'm taking the opportunity to write. I do wish you could have been here for the graduation exercises.

"Graduation this year was quite different from your graduation of three years ago. Many of our class members have joined the fighting forces of Uncle Sam. Most of the boys were fortunate, though, and were able to get a week's leave, in order to be here for that grand event of diplomas, caps, and gowns. There they were, sitting at attention in the front row with the class officers, listening to the wonderful speech of Captain Howe, an ex-faculty member who is now in the Air Corps. They looked so dignified and so much older than they did a few months ago when we were all attending classes together. It didn't seem quite possible, but there they were.

"You remember Paul. don't you? He had just finished boot training at Parris Island. and sat next to Jerry and Everett, whom. you remember. were always pals. They went into the navy recruiting office together and enlisted three months ago. Next there was Bud in the uniform of the Army Air Corps. and Warren who wears the Army's olive drab with the insignia of the Medi-



cal Corps. On the end was George with his Naval Aviation Cadet's uniform. There was a vacant chair for Jack. who has been overseas with the Seabees for almost a month.

"The training for warfarc has already made them realize what they will be going into, and yet they are so proud to be able to serve their country that they wouldn't want to change positions with anyone. In two or three weeks, ten more fellows are scheduled to leave, and before 1945 most of the

boys of our class will be serving with Uncle Sam.

"Tonight will be the last gathering of our whole class, and it may be the last time some of the boys will see each other for a long time. I must see that it will be a happy evening for George, as . . ."

At this moment the door chimes rang, and Ann hopped up to meet George, who looked handsome in his trim uniform and with his still boyish smile. Under his arm he carried an orchid for a special girl to wear on their last evening together until he'd done his job for Uncle Sam.

Illustrated by Alice Mondeau.

WHY STUDY?

As we try to rush out of class, and hope and pray That teacher will forget the homework on this sunshiny day,

And we hear her give the longest assignment ever given,
We wonder,
"Why study?"

When the perfect day comes for a nice long hike
Or a leisurely jaunt on the brand new bike,
And teacher says, "This reference paper due tomorrow,"
We wonder,
"Why study?"

But when report card time comes rolling 'round And both mother and father say with a frown, "Until your marks are better, in the house you stay!" We know Why study!

MABEL LELAND, '46

Semper Paratus

MEMBERS of the Pen staff are easily recognizable. They are the students one sees flying down the corridors to either the laboratory or clinic for a *Pen* meeting, dashing madly to Room 206 in search of Miss Andrews, or pounding the sidewalks of Brockton or neighboring towns hunting ads. Artists, poets, writers, and business men all rolled into one, they constitute a grand body of students,—the Pen staff. They make the little wheels go 'round so that on certain memorable days in the year, Penny Pen can proudly deliver gaily covered magazines to all the students. The Pen staff works hard to turn out that finished product, giving freely of both time and energy. But in the end, like a king surveying his domain, the whole staff sits back basking in the warmth of a good job done. They are pictured below looking rather worried, for at the time the photograph was taken, they were striving to meet the deadline on the second issue.

VIRGINIA BAILEY, '44

Penny Pen Joins E.M.S.P.A.

THE Student's Pen has become a member of the Eastern Massachusetts Scholastic Press Association. Membership in this league entitles the Pen staff to send delegates to the annual conferences held at Northeastern University and to enter issues of the Pen in the yearly competition for prizes. On Saturday, April 1, a group of teachers and students attended the E.M.S.P.A. conference at Northeastern University. They had an opportunity to examine an extensive exhibit of the publications of many high schools both large and small, and a program of splendid speakers and clinic meetings provided inspiration and practical help in planning future issues of the *Pen*.

The Pen Roving Reporter interviewed the East Bridgewater delegates to the E.M.S.P.A. conference to gather their impressions of the meeting. The results were slightly puzzling but not wholly surprising. Evidently the party did more than attend a conference!

MARY BURRELL: "We had an afternoon treat, and if you feel the same way I do about a fudge sundae with caramel sauce and salted pecans, well, Schrafft's is the place!"

FLORENCE COCHRANE: "We caught several glimpses of the first five floors of Jordan's Annex. Escalators are such fun!"

LESTER DARCHE: "We were going to see Marcia Jordan's room, but they took it down before we got there!"

SALLY CHANDLER: "It all sounded nice, but my mumps weren't!"

NORMAN RITCHIE: "Temptation and I nearly bought a \$2.00 necktie on our visit to Jordan's men's shop. What designs! What colors! Well, they were different, anyway!"

MISS WATERMAN: "Why do theaters have double features? So Miss Brown and Miss Waterman can catch up on their back correspondence!"

MISS BROWN: "And what would we have done without the Y. M. C. A.—no letters, I'm afraid!"

MISS SHEA: "Before our next trip to Boston we must convince Lester Darche that Summer Street does not deal in one way traffic."

MISS MOREHARDT: "No one questioned my secret pilgrimage to Filene's. Blame it on the rubber shortage!"

MISS ANDREWS: "After seeing 'Jane Eyrc,' we'll take back all we've said about Orson Welles!"





THE VOICE OF THE KILLER



The night is dark. A pale moon hangs on the rim of the horizon as if waiting for something to happen. The cold and clammy air has the atmosphere of death. A low moaning wind circles through the trees. The mere feeling of its chilly breath makes one shudder. This feeling weighs heavily on the earth. It seems to blanket all sound and life.

Suddenly, a quick movement in the brush breaks the spell and sets the heart to pounding. A piercing, soul-rending cry knifcs through the air like a flash of lightning. A quick struggle and the swish of running feet over the leaves tell of the passing of the nocturnal killer.

A dog barks, races across the long lawn under the solitary street light, and chases the scent of one who has passed on swift feet. A few scuffled leaves tell in their mute way of a body dragged into the night to an unknown fate.

Later, as the dog settles himself on the porch. he sees a movement near the front steps. A low. quick growl rumbles to his throat. He quickly stifles this, however, as he recognizes the scent of the killer he chased previously. Slowly, with the utmost care and silence, he rises, creeps along in the shadows, and prepares to leap.

The ghostly, almost invisible figure moves silently closer, unaware of the crouching dog. Suddenly, without warning, the front door opens. A long shadow falls across the porch. The figure in the doorway sends a loud call into the gloom.

The dog, recognizing this voice, turns and retreats to a corner.

And out of the night, into full view steps,— Tabby, the killer, with a soft and sleepy "Meow"!

WILLIAM CLEMONS, '46

Illustrated by Florence Cochrane.

Good-bye, Jeff

It was obvious that the two were saying goodbye. The white-haired man looked deep into the earnest brown eyes of his companion and said, "I'm really proud of you, Jeff. I know that both you and your country will benefit from your chlistment, but I guess you know how much I'm going to miss you. There won't be any more long walks in the country together, or stormy winter evenings spent in front of the fire. You'll be proud, though, won't you Jeff; proud to serve your country. You'll like it, too, especially when you've met new pals. And your training will develop strength of body and mind, making you even more keen and alert."

Coming towards them was a soldier. The elderly man put his hand on Jeff's shoulder. "I hope the food is good wherever they send you. They'll probably feed you horsemeat, and remember, Jeff, don't eat any chicken bones, because you know what they do to fellas like you."

Then looking at the approaching man in khaki, he said proudly. "Sir, as soon as you snap that leash on Jeff's collar, you'll have the very finest dog in the whole K-9 Corps!"

SALLY CHANDLER, 45

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear God, watch over my boys tonight, Wherever they may be. Keep them safe from any harm And bring them back to me.

Dear God, watch over that boy of mine, The one to the navy true. Guide his ship through the dangerous paths And straits of the ocean blue.

Dear God, watch over my other son, The one on Guadalcanal. Give him the strength to win his fight And courage to stop this hell.

Dear God, watch over my neighbor's boy. The young lad now on Wake. Ilelp him become a God-fearing man For his dear mother's sake.

SATENIG SAHJIAN, '45



Close Shave



THE darkly clad figure advanced cautiously down the dimly lighted corridor until he finally came to the room for which he was searching. He paused a moment, waiting to see if any-

one was watching him. Seeing no one, he slowly opened the squeaky door. The noise startled him. He was on the edge. But why shouldn't he be? Wasn't it the first time he had ever done such a thing?

He took his flashlight from his pocket and carefully viewed the layout of the room. He proceeded quietly to the bureau and opened a drawer. He reached in carefully and drew out a sharp-edged instrument. With this clutched tightly in his hand, he grimly went about his task. Within a few minutes his work was finished. After cleaning the used implement, he quickly returned it to its hiding place. Then he tiptoed out and softly closed the door, this time not even conscious that it squeaked. He had completed his work unobserved.

As he walked back along the hall, he tenderly felt his face with boyish satisfaction. THE whisker was gone. At last he was a man!

SHIRLEY JAHN, '46

Illustrated by David Mason and Harold Nylen.

Cheerio!

"Hello, Jane dear. It's good to see you home again! Why, you're sitting up in bed! And your cheeks are so nice and rosy. I'm glad to see the sparkle in your eyes again. I'm sure I don't know how you do it. I expected to see you lying in bed too sick to move, so I came over to cheer you a bit. Why, with your family going to pieces right under your nose, I don't see how you can sit so calmly in bed. Do you know what? I just saw your Tommy sitting in the street playing with that awful Smith boy. Yes, the very one that split the little Pott boy's head open with a rock last week.

"Oh, but let's not talk about that. I brought you a little gift. I know you don't smoke a pipe but these pipe cleaners had such a pretty color that I couldn't resist buying them for you. And anyway, they're the same color as your bed-spread.

"Well, tell me about your operation. What kind of anaesthesia did they use? When I had my operation—the one when I was in high school —they gave me a spinal. It was very nice. I heard everything the doctor said and did. Yes, I was very sick. For five days they didn't even know whether I'd live or die. I really didn't think you'd pull through yours. You always looked so frail to me. I couldn't even see how you controlled your family, especially that young daughter of yours. Why everyone in town is talking about her., Last night she and that Black boy went to the Local Cafe. and Mrs. Barns said that Mrs. Tuttle told her that Mr. Cotton told Mr. Tuttle that he had seen her smoking! But then, I suppose that's what happens when you're sick, and your husband's too busy at the office to watch the children.

"By the way, have you seen your husband's new secretary? They say she's young and very beautiful. I'd watch my step if I were you, my dear.

"Why. Jane. you look so pale suddenly. Aren't you well? I guess I'm tiring you. I'll run along now. and if I have time, I'll try to drop in again to cheer you up. Goodbye, dear!"

SATENIG SAHJIAN, '45

Sermon in a Letter

MARY, tired and warm from her day's shopping, slumped lazily into the nearest chair. She hadn't found a pretty dress anywhere. She was thoroughly disgusted! She positively needed one for the dance that night. Mary Arden wouldn't be seen with an old dress on. Especially at a dance! There was to be a reception that night at the Rainbow Ball Room for four heroes who had been given the Purple Heart and had just returned from active duty. What could she do? She'd have to wear her old yellow organdie evening gown that she had already worn twice.

She'd better hurry! She had to set her hair. polish her nails, and a million and one little

things, it seemed. She didn't have much time either. And ah, yes! She must write Jim a long overdue letter. Maybe just a short note, for she wouldn't have time for much of a letter. Jim was her brother, now overseas with the Marines.

She'd better telephone Helen to see what time she was calling for her. They would have to take the bus to the dance. The thought of the walk to the bus stop was dreadful! She never thought the day would come when *she* would ride on a bus in an evening gown! Why couldn't Jim be there now so that he could drive them to the dance? Just at times like this when she wanted him he *would* be somewhere fighting. She didn't even know where he was! Would her troubles never end?

Mary puttered around from task to task. She polished her nails and brushed and combed her hair until she was ready except for a few last minute particulars. Relaxing in a chair, she started her letter to Jim. While writing out all her troubles to her brother, she was interrupted, much to her disgust, by the ringing of the door bell. She heard her mother answer it and immediately call to her. "Mary, the postman has just left us each a letter from Jim!"

Leaving everything, she sped downstairs after her letter and hurried back to read it. Nervously she ripped open the censored envelope and sitting down read something that made a different girl of her.

"Dearest Sis,

"The fight is still on, but I'll take a minute to write you and let you know I'm still here at Guadalcanal. I hope I will be here 'til the end. so I can help get this whole thing over, but the way things are going. you never can tell. The fellows are really swell!

"About you—how are you, Sis? I haven't heard for so long, I'm worried. The mail isn't too good. I guess. A letter is just like a short furlough to us guys.

"I'd give anything to be home right now. I'd sleep for a week, I think, and wake up and eat for another. Here we eat out of tin cans and sleep in foxholes. It's best though, right now, for me to be here.

"Well, sis, time is short and 1 am needed. Take good care of yourself!

"All my love,

"JIM."

Mary sat silent for several minutes. Slowly she thought of the way she had been acting. Tears filled her eyes. She was selfish—yes, just plain selfish! Jim over there fighting in a foxhole, and she sitting here fretting about a dress! Starting this minute she would be a different girl! Come to think of it, she really liked her yellow dress. Quickly she rose and tore up the letter she had started. She would write Jim the longest, most cheerful letter she had ever written!

Two hours later a happy, smiling girl entered the Rainbow Ball Room in her favorite yellow dress.

Betty Cookson, '46

High School Girl's Delights

Sweaters, baggy and long; tan coats that keep out the rain; sloppy loafers and wool socks: teddy bear coats which add to the size; saddle shoes much marred; plaids, very bright.

Nails—red; long strings of pearls; class rings and pins which add to romance; new coiffures keeping up to date; green bookbags slung over the shoulder.

Miller and Dorsey tempting feet to dance; sodas and cokes; long advanced dates remembered for weeks: a simply supersmooth man who captivates hearts; battered jalopies.

A good report card which helps when you want to go out on dates; the telephone's ring that makes you move fast; bull sessions when the gang gets together.

That's 'teen age fashion! Why? Lord only knows! Maybe it's because she's the typical American girl.

ELETHA FULLER, '45

SO LONG, SENIORS

The Class of '44 has come
To leave our learned walls.
They've been good pupils four long years,
But Father Time now calls.
Yes, good seniors, "Mes adieux,"
"So long" to one and all!

A JU

A JUNIOR

Our Unsung Heroes

JOHN JONES is a little man. He is in the group of American citizens who are holding white collar jobs. Before the war he used to go to his office every morning, work hard all day long, and at night come home to his family for an evening of relaxation. So went the humdrum day of John Jones. But before long he heard that Adolph Hitler, leader of the Nazis, was about to plunge the European countries into war with Germany. At that time little did John realize that in a few short years the whole world would be feeling the power of Germany and her allies, and that this was the first step toward a changed life for him.

As the war progressed and Germany swallowed up country after country, America became more conscious of the magnitude of this struggle. John Jones was one of the many Americans who felt that the time had come for drastic action to be taken. When the United States was finally forced into combat. our Mr. Jones tried to enlist; but he was told by all whom he consulted that he was too old to be of any use in any branch of the armed service. "No use in any branch of service," thought Mr. Jones. This was a hard blow for anyone to accept, especially a man who had spent the best years of his life behind an office desk. Every day men were leaving his office to go into the armed service, but Mr. Jones must be satisfied to remain at home.

Soon there was a noticeable change in civilian life. Rationing was thrust on an unprepared nation. Certain commodities became increasingly hard to obtain. There was much talk about what was next to be rationed. Prices were soaring. Yet John Jones' salary remained the same. He had always bought War Bonds, but now it was becoming almost impossible for him to do that and still provide his family with the necessities of life. Now like so many other people in our country he finds it difficult to live on his salary and to continue buying War Bonds, but he also feels that in a way this is his part in the war effort, that this is his small sacrifice for his country and the American way of living. John Jones is a little man. He is one of the many unsung heroes of this world war.

Francis Currie, '46

Graduation Night

ONCE again it is graduation night. About ten minutes before the exercises are to take place, we follow our director to the orchestra pit. We can hear a low humming of voices coming from the outside hallway where the seniors are assembled. As our director gives the signal, we get our instruments into position; and his downbeat brings with it our majestic processional.

While the audience stands at attention, our graduating class marches slowly down the aisle and up the steps to the stage. Every face in the long procession is set and serious. As we, the musicians, peer over our music, we realize that in a few years we too will be leaving the school we love so much.

After an invocation by the minister, which makes us all send up a silent prayer of thanks that we may still hold such exercises in these days of heartache all over the world, a serious address of welcome is given by the class president. Later our hearts swell as the stirring honor essays are read, and we want to sing as we listen to the moving selections of the chorus.

But now, hearing the graduation address, we once again feel serious; and as we let our eyes wander from the face of the visiting speaker to those of the young men and women to whom this address is directed, we see the grim determination on their faces, because they realize that in less than an hour they will no longer be members of the high school they love. A lump makes our throats ache, and we center our attention once more on the speaker. He finishes his speech, and applause thunders through the hall. Now, looking eager and expectant, our seniors receive their diplomas, their reward for twelve years of work.

All too soon the baton is once again raised, but this time we let forth a jubilant recessional as the graduating class forms a receiving line along one side of the hall. Perhaps we shed a tear, or just experience an aching feeling in our throats, but we joyously go through the receiving line, giving our good wishes to those who only a short while before had been our school-mates.

DOROTHY FERRY, '46



Pen Points

Live Wire Candidate

During a history class discussion of electoral votes, Sparling muttered, "Edison for president! He could get all the 'electrical' votes."

No Trouble at All

Mr. Lays: How would you find the North Pole?

Eddie Drew: Go up and look for Santa Claus.

Barbara Lightfoot, translating what should have read, "The mountainous cliff was overhanging": The mountain had a hangover.

Heavenly Judge

Miss Shea: What are the requirements for appointment to the supreme court bench?

Mike Feeney: Doesn't the man have to die first?

Curious biology student: Why do frogs jump into the water?

Second biology student: 'Cause they'd look funny jumping into the earth!

If the movies gct any longer or the seats any harder, we'll have to take the pictures in two sittings!

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENTS A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

Act I: Dad's cigarette On the ash tray lay set.

Act II: Johnnie's temptation, Followed by inhalation.

Act III: Tragedy to tell,

Johnnie's not feeling well!

NORMAN RITCHIE, '46

Gifts of an American

THE rumble of the wheels and the shrillness of the whistle become muted and nearly disappear as my thoughts wander far from the train. As we wind our way up through the Green Mountains of Vermont, I look across to the quiet. gentle tenderness of the green slopes. Here and there I spot a clearing surrounded by tall slender fir trees which stand like proud, erect sentingly. Then below me, I see a ravine with sparkling. gurgling water, racing gaily over the rocks.

In my hand I hold a newspaper with the headlines: "Allies Take Cassino after Bitter Hand to Hand Battle." I again look at the imending beauty so calm and secluded. unable to believe that just across an ocean a bitter and bloodthirsty war is grinding and crushing everything that stands in its path. This ever-rolling monster of war churns the very beauty of life into a black, smoky pit of death and destruction. The rocky hills and stretching valleys are gutted with shell holes; the trees are leafless, gnarled, and broken; the buildings are destroyed.

Now we are high in the hills, and as I look down into the green valley. I see a farmer cutting hay in the field under the bright cheerful sun. But over across, the sky is dark. gloomy, and depressing; the density of the black smoke. the scorching, searing fire, and the screeching whistles and explosions of the bombs blend into a thunderous, clashing symbol of war.

After thinking of these disasters of war-torn Europe, I realize now more than ever before the security and assurance of safety and freedom that we as Americans know.

NORMAN RITCHIE, '46

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